

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VIII.]

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THE LILY.

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Mrs. MARY B. BIRD SALL.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOICES.

BY E. H. BLACKFAN.

The storm clouds roll darkly,
And all is in gloom;
The frost wind is calling,
The leaves to their tomb.
Rave on, thou wild maniac,
Thy death telling sound;
Ye braves, take your farewell,
And fall to the ground.

The flowers of the summer,
Their heads have bowed low;
Their shroud and their winding sheet,
Earth and the snow,
The tones of the zephyrs
In Springtime were heard,
Are turned to loud wailing;—
No longer the bird,
That chaunted so sweetly
Upon the green bough,
Delights the wrapt listener;
Its notes are hushed now.
The hearthstone forsaken,
And vacant the chair,—
And lonely the dwelling,
Death too has been there.

Like the flowers of the Summer,
Gone down to the tomb;
Yet this death is their waking,
Immortal to bloom.
Immortal to bloom,
And unfading their joy;
No chill wintry tempest
Their bliss to destroy.

Around us, above us,
Their voices we hear;
They whisper, they whisper,
We know they are near.

Our parents, our darlings,
Our loved ones have come;
To tell us the joys,
Of the bright spirit Home.

To the joys never ending,
They beckon us on;
Where "happy, oh! happy,"
Is heard in the song.

PURITY.—Young ladies should guard themselves against undue familiarity, however innocent. Purity, that blushes unconsciously like the summer rose, is the guardian angel of maiden-life.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY META MILWOOD.

Continued.

CHAPTER II.

When Annie started on her errand, the morning after the events recorded in our last chapter, she felt sad and depressed; a heavy weight was on her young spirit, and her countenance wore an expression of sorrow and dejection not consonant with the usually blithesome light heartedness of a girl of twelve summers. And yet she was a creature of the fairest mould. Her features were faultless and the deep blue eyes shaded by long silken lashes and the broad intellectual forehead. The profuse dark chestnut hair which fell in graceful ringlets on her neck and shoulders, rendered her exceeding beautiful. Arrayed in a robe of muslin bound about her slender form with the girdle and clasp her mother had worn in brighter days, with a neat bonnet of straw, which her own delicate fingers had braided and tastefully wreathed with flowers; she might have reminded the beholder of some nymph of fairy tale, or an ideal creature of the imagination. Mrs. Blane's cottage stood on the eastern grove on her way to the house of Mr. Grovener, the minister. It was a bright morning in June, and Nature was arrayed in her loveliest garb. She paused to gather the bright flowers by the wayside, and listen to the music of the feathered songsters which seemed to be poured forth in welcome to the coming visitant until a response was awakened in her own heart, and as she warbled on accompaniment, her spirit grew brighter and she sped on her errand with a quicker step and a heart beating in unison with the scene. Turning a corner, she suddenly came in sight of Mary Grant, who, with a young lady who was on a visit to her, were enjoying a morning walk to the grove. Annie would gladly have avoided her, but finding this impossible, she passed on and as they met, politely gave her a "good morning!"

Mary Grant was the daughter of one of the wealthy business men of A——. She was by nature, proud and ambitious, and trained by an aristocratic mother who doated on her talents and beauty, she had learned to regard those beneath her rank as inferior in all else; and fit only to associate with those of their own class. At school she had always carried the honors of her class until she found a competitor in Annie Blane, who through the disinterested kindness of Miss Sheldon, the teacher, had been admitted among the daughters of the aristocrats of A——.

Although a year older than Annie and possessing all the advantages which wealth can give over poverty, Mary soon came to view her as a rival, and let no opportunity escape of reminding her of her poverty and consequent degradation. Annie had borne all this with comparative fortitude, but when to this was added the taunt of being a drunkard's child, she had felt the barb most heavily and shrunk from her companionship; yet her best energies were aroused and encouraged by her teacher, she had determined to excel; not so much on her own account as for the gratification

of the mother whose approbation was the goal of her ambition.

The day on which our story opens, a public examination of the school had been held, and prizes awarded to the different classes by a committee chosen for that purpose. The mortification with which Mary had been subjected on that day was still rankling in her bosom, and as she stopped suddenly and without returning Annie's pleasant salutation, abruptly inquired if she had seen her father that morning? Annie felt the blood mounting to her cheeks as she replied, No, Mary, why do you inquire? Because if you are searching for him you will probably find him at old Bill Croan's doggery. Our servant Johny saw him there last night, so drunk he could not stand alone; replied Mary, sneeringly. Upon my word Annie you ought to be proud of such a father; and she burst in to a loud laugh in which her unlady-like companion joined.

Poor Annie, how soon all her bright visions vanished. The poisoned arrow had pierced her very soul. All the sensibilities of her nature were aroused and hastening from the spot as though a viper was coiled there, she sought her place of destination. But the transition from happiness to misery was so sudden, that she felt a choking sensation in her throat and pressed her hand against her burning throbbing temples, until a dizziness came over her and as she reached the place she was obliged to lean against the garden railing for support.

"An' may I be askin what is the mather wid ye, my little Miss," spoke the sympathetic voice of the kind-hearted Irish girl who was scouring the front steps and who discovered Annie in her distressed situation. "An if ye's a bit sick or hurt, its meself that'll carry ye in and make ye comfortable." Annie looked up and now tears came to her relief, and she sobbed audibly. "Now don't be afther takin on so," said the girl, while the bright drops trembled in her own eyes. "An if ye be in throbble it's Biddy O'Neal that's a heart to pity ye any how. An why shouldnt I when all my friends is across the big waters, and no kith or kin to befriend me in distress. But I shouldnt be afther saying so much about meself, for my mistress here is very kind an I have all I want in the house, the day." "Come now," she added, taking Annie kindly by the hand, "and come to the mistress and ye'll get bether consolation than poor Biddy can give."

Making an effort to restrain her tears, Annie ascended the steps and entered and was ushered into the family sitting room where Mrs. Grovener with her daughter Julia, a girl about Annie's age, were sitting. The former occupied with some sewing, and the latter practicing on the piano.

"Plase ye madam," said Biddy, "an here is a young miss that seems to be in a heart throbble. The dear swate soul was crying an sobbin an I said if a body can giv her comfort its the mistress can do it intirely."

Mrs. Grovener spoke kindly to Annie and inquired her name, but the tones of that voice so like her mother, only stirred deeper the rising fountains of her heart and she could only answer by sobs and tears. Thinking that conviction of

sin must be the cause of such an outburst of grief, in one so young; Mrs. Grovener very considerately led her to her husband's study chamber and there they both strove tenderly to assuage her grief and gain her confidence. Their kindness had the desired effect, and Annie soon became calm and related to them her history, concealing nothing. The eyes of both her auditors were filled with tears during her recital, and when she spoke of the cruel taunt she had received while coming to execute the order of her teacher, Mr. Grovener for the first time recognized her as the young girl to whom he, as one of the committee, had awarded the first prize at the examination of Miss Sheldon's school. Rising and taking her hand affectionately, he spoke to her long and encouragingly of her talents and ability to win for herself a name and become an ornament to society. He told her of the necessity of cultivating a moral courage which would enable her to go forward in the path of duty, unmindful of the scoffs of the unfeeling multitude, and reminded her of her obligation to the parent who had made so much sacrifice to promote her education; and the joy she would feel on seeing her daughter occupying a position among the wise and good in society, and finally he spoke earnestly of the necessity of her giving her young heart to Him who first loved and died for her, and who would be to her more than earthly parent, and for whose honor, more than all else her talents were committed.

Annie listened and a new light broke into her soul. She saw open before her the path of respectability, to honor, to Heaven, and as she knelt there while the man of God prayed that Jesus would take this tender lamb into his fold and protect her from the shafts of malice and prepare her to labor for Him on earth and finally take her home to Heaven. Her heart responded *Amen*; and a peace she had not before known, took possession of her mind.

The interest which Annie awakened in the hearts of the minister and his wife did not stop here. They promised to visit her the next day at her home, and if the mother's consent could be obtained, to take her into their family for a year and send her to school with their own daughter, to whom they felt she would be a pleasant and

a heart. Joy winged her footsteps, and as she entered the comfortless room and threw her arms around the neck of her dear mother; the tears she wept were those of joy.

The next week found her an inmate of Mr. Grovener's family. It consisted of himself and wife, his daughter Julia, aged fourteen, and Charles Wentworth, a youth aged sixteen, (the son of an old and valued friend,) who was pursuing a course of study under Mr. G's direction preparatory to entering college, and a single domestic.

In this quiet family Annie enjoyed a degree of peace she had never before known. Her only grief was in being separated from her mother and brothers, and the thought of the cruelties to which they might be subjected. But she could frequently make them short visits, and on learning from her mother that her absence had greatly moderated her father's violence, she became wholly reconciled to such separation.

Julia Grovener was the reverse of Mary Grant. Mild and amiable in her disposition. She had been taught by her mother to follow the example of her meek and lowly Savior who went about doing good, and it was her province to comfort the afflicted, exalt the lowly and honor the humble. Her's was no aspiring mind; she even lacked the energy that would conquer difficulties and go forth to effect reforms, but what was wanting in this was amply made up in the more lowly graces, and to Annie she became as a true and loving sister; and was loved in return with all the ardor which her truthful and energetic nature called forth. Together they studied, read and played. Together executed all the little tasks of housewifery which Mrs. Grovener judiciously appropriated to them. Together visited the sick and ministered to the wants of the needy; in short, whatever object occupied the time and attention of one, that object became the interest of the other. Was Annie wearied or dispirited, it was Julia's

task to cheer and console her. Was a difficult problem to be solved or a tedious rule to be committed and Julia's energies flagged in executing the herculean task, Annie's ready skill and untiring perseverance were called in requisition. The good minister and his amiable wife looked with satisfaction on this union of spirits and wisely judged that mutual benefit must spring from such mutual interest. Sometimes the twain were accompanied on their errands of mercy by Charles Wentworth, to whom as to an elder brother they committed all their plans, and in whom they ever found a ready co-operator. The only child of wealthy and idolizing parents, Charles had been carefully educated and kept from the evil influences of the world, and being naturally a young man of high moral perceptions, it had been no hard task to keep him from the society of the vicious. One year before his father had paid a visit to his old friend Mr. Grovener, and being struck with the quiet order of his family as well as prepossessingly the beauty and simplicity of the character of his only daughter, had prevailed on him to take Charles under his immediate tuition for the two years preceeding his entrance into college. At the same time hinting his wish that the friendship their children might then form in youth, might ripen into affection in maturer years, and thus more firmly cement the bond of union between their families.

To this suggestion Mr. Grovener knowing the unapproachable character of his young friend, most heartily responded, and the plan was matured and cherished in the hearts of the parents although neither Charles or Julia ever dreamed of such a precedent. Having no sister of his own, Charles soon learned to prize the society of Julia, who gave him in return the confidence she would have reposed in an own brother. He had been one year in the family at the time of Annie's admission, and yet no hidden fault of character had been developed to cause his friend to regret his installment in their quiet home. His character was open, frank and ingenuous. His associates few, and those the most refined and virtuous. He was never seen to mix with the youth who crowded the drinking saloons. Swearers and gamblers sought not to entice him, for his firm and noble bearing told them plainer than words that he was Charles Wentworth, at sixteen. The pride of his parents. The loved and honored of a large circle of friends and relatives.

To be continued.

NOT TO-NIGHT, BETTY.

BY MRS. F. WOOLEY GILLER.

"Can you pay me now, madam?" asked poor, weary Betty, as she leaned against the sitting-room door, and pulled at her old ragged, worn out shawl, with her attenuated, skeleton fingers—"Please, madam, can you pay me now?" and Betty's voice trembled as though she were asking that for which she should not.

"Not to-night, Betty," replied happy Mrs. Fay. And when Betty put her hands over her eyes to hide the tears, and turned from the door, the beautiful mistress of that princely mansion had no thought that the small sum was needed to save from starvation, and protect from the cold, the children in her wash-woman's home. It was so small an amount, she would not trouble herself to pay it then—"of course Betty would rather have it all together."

You blame her, do you, my warm-hearted, benevolent, just friend? Wait a moment and ask yourself how she could know the necessity of a half dollar to the quiet, patient, humble woman who washed one day in seven for her? What could she tell of the distresses or sufferings of the poor?—How could she, cradled in luxury, reared in all the abundance of wealth, with her household darlings well and happy around her—how could she think that Betty had gone to a fireless, cheerless, supperless home, to watch and weep over a sick babe, and to listen to the sobbings of two or three hungry urchins? How could she know anything about it? Of course she could not. But there was one beside her who could—a broad-browed, middle-

aged man, who had learned more of life, and therefore had won the love-look upon his manly face—he could think of what Betty might suffer, and he said:

"Mary, I wish you would call Betty and give her this. It is three times as much as she has earned, but she needs it."

"Why?" and Mrs. Fay shook back her ringlets, and turned to her husband with a wonder look upon her bright face, as she continued: Why do you wish me to call her back? I can pay her as well next week."

"Next week some one she loves may be beyond the need of this paltry dust. There is something wrong with her. I fear she has left a sick child to come and work for us. How could you leave our chernb here even for a day, if she needed your care? Betty was not always a washwoman, and poverty has not killed the heart out of her. Be kind enough to call her, Mary."

Mrs. Fay caught the money in her jeweled white hand, and ran out for Betty. When the weary creature came back and received the money, she could only stammer, "May the Lord be good to you always, madam!"

And then Mrs. Fay asked: "What is it, Betty? Any one sick at home?"

"Oh! yes, madam, my poor baby. I leave him with the children when I go out to earn a few crumbs for them, but he's most gone now. May be I'll find him——"

Betty could not finish that sentence; she could not say that she might find her baby dead when she went so weary to her home—she could only cover her hands over her face, any mother does when that thought crowds down upon the heart.

"Have you no husband, Betty?" continued Mrs. Fay.

"Yes, madam; but he's in heaven, and now there is no one but God to care for his poor wife and babies."

"But Betty, why in the world did you not tell me?"

"Oh! madam, you who are rich, don't like to be troubled with the wants of the poor."

"All wrong, Betty, we are careless, many of us, but not cold hearted. There's my husband, now, how much better he is than I am—he asked me to call you back. Come in, Betty—we'll see what can be done for you."

Betty went back, and a basket of comforts and necessities was prepared for her, and "Bob" (the kitchen boy) was sent to carry it, for Betty did not seem so strong since she was known to be a widow with a sick babe. After she had gone, Mrs. Fay went back to her husband and asked, "What can we send her? You send Bob with a load of things, and I'll run down with some clothes for the children."

"Wait till to-morrow, Mary. Betty will be more comfortable than she has been for weeks," and he smiled at his wife's enthusiasm.

"Let us go now. The wind blows and the night will be very cold. I cannot sleep with the snow beating against our window, and my vision haunted with weeping Betty and her dying baby. Let us go. I wonder if she has a rocker? and they hurried away with a cushioned rocking chair, while "Bob" went with the wood, flour, sugar, &c.

Oh, I tell you, friend Betty's home was comfortable enough before bed time. She might have persuaded herself that her husband would come in soon, with his olden love-look, such an air of old home care did her house wear. And when she went to wash again, her baby lay in Georgia Fay's crib, and Georgie's mamma rocked and sang, and comforted the poor washer with—"Betty, your baby's most well."

"Yes," and it is all owing to you, madam, replied Betty. I'll tell my poor children to pray for you always."

She had learned the sweetest lesson we may any of us learn in life—that beautiful, happy woman—how much "more blessed it is to give than to receive."—*Christian Ambassador.*

TRUE AND FALSE PLEASURE.—"All pleasure," says John Foster, "must be bought at the expense of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true is just this—for the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, afterwards."

Dress Reform Convention.

THURSDAY and Friday, the 21st and 22d of February, were pleasant, happy days in Glen Haven. Pleasant days! Happy days! Not merely that winter had relaxed his sullen benumbing grasp, that the merry sunshine and genial warmth filled the air, that gentle zephyrs whispered of coming spring, but because the hearts and souls of many people were filled with noble aspiration, bounding hope and generous resolve. The great heart of Nature and the heart of man beat in union.

On those days there met together noble men and women, who with one accord lifted their voices in praise of God and his handiwork—man; thanking God for his blessings of life, health, happiness, and the promise of an eternal progression, and who, not content with depreciating the evils that

"Mar the harmonies of life,"

bound themselves in fraternal bond to work steadily, cordially, and unremittingly for their overthrow.

That on the pallid cheek of woman, the rose of health again may bloom; that the lifeless, hopeless glance of her eye may give way to the sparkling cheerfulness which betokens a poor soul in a sound body; that lassitude, languor, vacillation, and inefficiency shall no longer sit enthroned in the temple of the soul, but in their stead hope and power, vigor, and a wisely-tempered resolution; these are the ends to which their actions tend. Is there one who does not bid them God speed?

The proceedings of the convention, which met at Glen Haven on the 21st and 22d, are full of present interest and latent result. The earnest, thoughtful words there spoken effect us, and will effect still more future generations. Over the informal meeting Dr. James C. Jackson presided.—The convention was permanently organized by the choice of Mrs. Charlotte A. Joy as President; Giles E. Jackson and Mary A. Roberts, Secretaries; with several ladies and gentlemen as Vice-Presidents.

An address which, for its comprehensiveness of thought and pertinency of reasoning and illustration, as well as the calm earnestness of its tone can hardly be too highly commended, was read by Dr. Harriet N. Austin.

It is the intention, we understand, to publish the address in tract form, when doubtless many of our readers will peruse it for themselves.

Among others the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That, in advocating Reform in Dress for Woman, our object is not to advocate for her positions of singularity, eccentricity, or to get her out of her "appropriate sphere;" but to enable her to act with that freedom needful to find out what her "appropriate sphere" is:

That, as all intelligence must obey God's laws, or take the penalty of disobedience, and as the laws of the physical are so obligatory on the physical constitution as the moral are on the moral constitution, Woman is as much bound to claim freedom for her body as her soul, and he who doubts her right to it, or denies her right to it, or opposes her right to it, is an accessory before the fact to the guilt of her disobedience, and deserves stern rebuke.

That we will endeavor so to influence the minds of the young ladies of our respective neighborhoods that they will lay aside the short dress of their girlhood only to adopt the reform dress as more becoming their womanhood. Also so to train the mind of the youth of the opposite sex, that they will become their supporters in the cause.

That we are deeply grateful to Hon. Gerrit Smith for the able and fearless expression of his views on Dress Reform, and that we believe with him, that the common dress of Woman leaves "them less than half their personal power of self-subsistence and usefulness," that it unfits the wearer for the vast majority of human pursuits, and entirely for many of them, and that it is "repugnant to reason and religion, and grateful only to a vitiated taste."

That we realize the necessity for a change in the condition of Woman, that we believe her competent to engage in many pursuits as yet not open to her, if she will but make the needful change in

herself; and, seeing a clear connection between her dress and her present condition, we are determined to discard a dress that "both makes and marks our impotence,—that is only adopted to 'womanly helplessness,'—and henceforth attire our persons fitly for the whole battle of life."

During the consideration of these resolutions, many earnest and encouraging speeches and remarks were made by Messrs. Jackson, Porter, Vashon, Brackett, Wadleigh, Knight, Brewster, Everitt; Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Joy, and Miss Donovan.

On the second day, the National Dress Reform Association was formed. The second article of its constitution reads thus:—"The objects of this Association are to induce a reform in Woman's Dress, especially in regard to long skirts, tight waists, and all styles and modes which are incompatible with good health, refined tastes, simplicity, economy, and beauty."

Among its members are residents of ten different States. In the extent of the evils which it seeks to remedy, its organization, and the scope of its operations, this Association is truly National, and the earnestness, vitality and power that reside in this movement, must insure for it a warm welcome and great influence.

To combine and band together the strong, to encourage the weak, the vacillating the irresolute, to show its power and influence as a protecting mantle over those persecuted, reviled, ridiculed, and slandered, because of noble devotion to truth to spread the knowledge of truth broadcast throughout the land, that the suffering, the despondent, the sick one, weary and laden with many burdens, many learn, rejoice, and grow strong at heart, resolute in purpose, and will in body to compel the attention of the thoughtless, heedless, careless, and the respect of the scornful, the unbelieving, the indifferent, to relieve our land from the sin and misery caused by ignorant and disobedience of the laws of life, to assist in the translation of woman from "slavery to freedom, from cowardice to courage, from the kingdom of fancy, fashion and foolery, to the kingdom of reason and righteousness;" these are the hopes, the aspirations, the resolves of its members.

The following are the names of the present officers of the Association:

President—Charlotte A. Joy.

Vice Presidents:

Louisa S. Calkins,	Lucretia E. Jackson,
Henry A. Brewster,	Henry M. Dexter,
Alonzo Z. Amour,	A. Ann Bishop,
Anna S. Watkins,	Mary S. Royce,
Alva Holmes,	John F. Garrett.

Corresponding Secretaries:

Dr. Harriet N. Austin, Glen Haven, Cayuga Co.
Miss Rebecca A. Donovan, " " "
Giles E. Jackson, " " "
Mrs. Sarah D. Porter, McGrawville, Cortlandt "
Geo. L. Brackett, " " "
Geo. B. Vashon, " " "
Mrs. W. T. Wilber, " " "
Miss A. B. Barker, Howett Hill, Onondaga Co.
Miss Ida M. Holmes, Newville, Herkimer co. N. Y.
Miss Sarah E. Donis, East Greenwich, R. I.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. C. A. Nichols.

Executive Committee:

James C. Jackson,	Mary Bryant,
John C. Porter,	E. Louisa Knight,
Susan A. Hamblen,	

Treasurer—E. Donovan.

The first annual meeting of this Association will be held on the 18th and 19th of June, at some accessible point in central New York, of which due notice will be given in the Journal.

There can be no doubt that this meeting will be a great one, both as regards numbers and influence of those engaged in it. From all sections of the country will gather men and women of thought, true wisdom, and loving humanity; and opinions, hopes, encouragements, congratulations, and pledges of mutual support will be interchanged. Those who have enlisted for the war will have their hearts gladdened, and new converts will return to their homes filled with dauntless enthusiasm, firm resolve, and a willingness to do all, dare all, to suffer all, that truth may be triumphant.

Glen Haven, New York.

G. [Water Cure Journal.]

Petitioners under any government are entitled to respectful treatment and a candid hearing. Legislators are elected for the purpose of looking after the interests of the whole State; and they have no right to sneer at any petitions respectfully worded, and presented in good faith. But some of our great men at Albany think differently, as will be seen by the following extract from the Assembly proceedings of March 14th.

Mr. Warner called for a report from the Judiciary Committee upon the bill relative to the rights of married women.

Mr. Foote. In answer to the inquiry of the gentleman from Oswego, I will observe that a very large number of petitions for "Woman's Rights" have been referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, several of which had been read, and a sufficient number to ascertain that they were all alike. The petitioners ask that there may be established by law an equality of rights between the sexes. The Judiciary Committee is composed of married and single gentlemen. The bachelors on the committee, with becoming diffidence, have left the subject pretty much to the married gentlemen. They have considered it with the aid of the light they have before them, and the experience married life has given them. Thus aided, they are enabled to state that ladies always have the best piece and choicest titbit at table. They have the best seat in the cars, carriages and sleighs; the warmest place in winter, and coolest place in summer. They have their choice on which side the bed they will lie, front or back. A lady's dress costs three times as much as that of a gentleman; and at the present time, with the prevailing fashion one lady occupies three times as much space in the world as a gentleman.

It has thus appeared to the married gentlemen of your committee, being a majority (the bachelors being silent for the reason mentioned, and also probably for the further reason that they are still suitors for the favors of the gentler sex,) that if there is any inequality or oppression in the case, the gentlemen are the sufferers. They, however, have presented no petition for redress, having doubtless made up their minds to yield to an inevitable destiny.

On the whole, the committee have concluded to recommend no measure, except that as they have observed several instances in which both husband and wife have both signed the same petition. In such case they would recommend the parties to apply for a law authorizing them to change dresses, so that the husband may wear the petticoats, and the wife the breeches, and thus indicate to their neighbors and the public the true relation they sustain to each other.

Mr. Warner did not see the connection of the report with the bill referred to the committee, and made a motion to lay it on the table, which he subsequently withdrew.

Mr. Foot stated that this report was made upon the petitions for the equal rights of women. The committee were ready to report on the bill referred to them, and would do so.

Mr. Northrop had presented several of those petitions. He saw no allusion in the report to the petitions. The gentleman has only enlightened us upon the size of ladies dresses, the space they occupy, &c., of which the chairman had, he knew not how, good opportunities for judging.

The report was unworthy the Judiciary Committee. He hoped the questions involved in these petitions would be reported upon. He therefore moved to refer the matter back to the committee, for a report upon the questions involved in it.—He was not in favor of a bill, but desired at least to give the matter respectful consideration.

Mr. Snow opposed the recommittal.

Mr. Van Santvoord moved the previous question, which was ordered, and the House refused to recommit. The report was then agreed to.

One half of the ugliness is caused by want of ventilation. The less oxygen in a room, the more dark becomes our blood, and the darkness of our blood becomes, the more we take to irritation and ill nature. The only reason that printers are more crabbed than other folks, is because they allow a big coal stove to rob them of their share of oxygen.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., MAY 1, 1856.

A MISUNDERSTANDING:—Owing to our not getting extra Lilies struck off the last No., as we expected, and Mr. Hewett's card to the Una patrons not being set up, we reprint in this No. a few items in the last.

We have received from the former publisher of the Una, some fifteen names of subscribers received during the suspension of that paper. We shall be glad to credit them on Lily account, for two year's subscription, but if they prefer, it will be returned to them promptly.

Postage stamps should always be forwarded instead of silver money.

We hope in our next number, to introduce several new friends who will mingle with our Lily circle, of good, true, noble women and noble men, as members of the same household band.

The Lily and The Una.

Having purchased the Una subscription list, and made arrangements to supply its patrons with The Lily, we have to express our earnest hope that this will be entirely satisfactory to its numerous friends.

The two papers have been essentially different in their characteristics, though working for the same grand principles of Truth and Justice. While the Lily, with earnest simplicity, has dealt mainly with the practical interdicts of Woman, the living active wrongs that shackle her individuality, and crush her mentality, and depress her best and her strongest being—the Una has dealt more with the principles and policy from which grow her wrongs, and in high-toned, scholastic essays, shown the grand basis of her rights. We would combine, somewhat, the two characters, and thereby offer a paper suited to the tastes and wants of a still wider circle of readers. We therefore ask for the continuance of the friendship and correspondence of the Una contributors, and invite all thinkers, workers, and those who are both, to aid us in making The Lily a capital exponent of Woman's wants and Woman's needs—her mission and her destiny.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE UNA.

After a long and unavoidable delay, arising from circumstances over which the subscriber had no control, much pleasure is felt in being able to announce that arrangements have at last been completed for the union of "The Una" with the "Lily," so that the patrons of the former may receive in the latter what is justly their due.

The main reason for the suspension of the Una, was the fact that a large majority of the old subscribers to that publication failed to remit their subscriptions in season to enable the publishers to pay its current bills, and after considerable sacrifice on his part to sustain it, the publisher found his own personal finances inadequate to continue it longer without manifest injustice to special parties whom he might involve thereby. And the reason of its sudden suspension without explanation, was the sudden failure of promised aid, outside of individual subscriptions to the paper itself. Finding matters thus unexpectedly situated, nothing could be done but to wait patiently till some arrangements could be effected that should be as

satisfactory as possible to the subscribers whose term had not expired; and such arrangements, it is confidently hoped, have at last, and at the earliest moment, been secured.

The Lily is a thorough "Woman's Rights" publication, and the only one that distinctly advocates all the prominent rights of woman. It will, therefore, meet the wants of that class who are seeking information on, and becoming interested in, that great question of the age; and there is good reason to believe that nearly all of the patrons of the Una were of that stamp. It is hoped, therefore, that, (especially under the circumstances,) this arrangement will meet the approbation and secure the most hearty co-operation of all who have heretofore given their support to the Una, as the advocate of Woman's Rights, while it will be no less acceptable to all who are interested in other vital questions and topics, of which it is a worthy vehicle to the public mind.

S. C. HEWITT,

Former Publisher of the Una.

Boston, March 5, 1856.

ANSWER TO INQUIRIES.—Money is sent at our risk. We think there is less risk in sending money when letters are not registered.

The Una subscribers who favor us with their kindly renewals for the Lily, will accommodate us greatly by saying that they were Una patrons.

A PROPOSITION.—Our friends say, now that the sweet, balmy days of Spring are come, that they are going to do much more in the way of procuring subscribers than it was possible for them to do during the severe winter weather. We are greatly obliged, and have been thinking of some new way to reward them for their trouble, and have concluded to offer good books, in value according to the list of names sent us. We can procure almost any books at a moderate price, and to those who live at a distance from good book-stores, this will be preferable to our old terms, which, however, remain for those who prefer them. We will also furnish to mothers and teachers packages of good books for children.

LEZZIE DALE, of Airy Dale, is one of our most charming contributors. She lately sent us "A Story of Buttons," with which we were greatly pleased. We were quite proud of the article, and were mortified by losing it. We hope that Mrs. Stanford will send us a second copy. It was an article very suggestive of practical economy of time and comfortable system in housekeeping, and was, we thought, just what many needed.

The fewest number of housekeepers are systematic. Consequently the majority amid their varied and pressing and perplexing duties, can find no time to read, cultivate a collectedness of mind or ever entertain devotional thoughts. The "small sweet charities of life" lose their charm with such and degenerate to a species of tiresome ceremonies that are expected from our sex. The spirit grows morose and sullen, and selects from life's vicissitudes mostly the griefs and trials. Such talk only of sickness and hard work. Now we cannot be accused of under valuing the demands these have upon us, the former to

the honor of woman, it can be said receives the tenderest attention, and the latter in our view, should be made more respectable by more adequate remuneration and by its connection with thought and invention, but she is not a pleasant companion who doles over sickness and work as though this world were an infirmary or a place gotten up after the manner of a State's prison.

Young Girls and Marriage.

One of our friendly patrons at McConnellsville, O., requested us to say something upon the pernicious habit young girls almost universally have of bestowing their affections, not only so early in life, but also so thoughtlessly, so injudiciously upon the brainless fops or immoral dandies. Our correspondent's remarks were a capital text from which many a long and earnest sermon should be preached.

We are often told that "love is an episode in man's life, while with a woman it is *her all*." However characteristic this may be as men and woman now are, it is not nature's truth, but is the effect of woman's dwarfed education and society's injurious interdicts combined. Woman's nature demands marriage not more than does man's, and it no more fills the demand of her whole being than his, the nature of both craving the probationary aliment that fits it for the future state, "where there is no more marrying, or given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven."

There are varied shades of character in woman, and I would we had a fuller realization of the beauty of each, and could accord equal homage to the domestic woman, the woman of genius or of intellect. Each has a commission from a high and holy power, and were we less conservative, we would recognize each with a generous approval.

We would educate woman with the grand thought over-arching her life, that she is one link in her Creator's human family with glorious duties, encircling her with solemn beauty, towards her Maker, her fellows and her self. We would see how many more good and capable wives and mothers would be, were every girl trained to be noble, independent members of society, and taught to feel how grand and beautiful it is to *work with a will*, earnestly, thankfully, charitably.

How can we wonder that matrimony is the constant theme of thought with young girls, it is the substance of their tutorage. Once the masses believed that the extreme virtue of a people was loyalty to the King; and we have part and parcel with that exploded assumption, in the idea that is yet so current, that woman's crowning virtue is self-abnegation and loyalty to man. From the cradle to the grave, this item of education is a part of her atmospheric surrounding. Like her shadow, it is everywhere present. The mothers teach it when of all good strengthening exercise, either mental or physical, they say that is for *brother to do*; sister, *sit down prettily and listen*. The teacher further enforces it

when he addresses the rows of bright boys, with "*you are the world's future actors, our country's rulers—our Washington's, our Adams', our Webster's—the path to usefulness and fame lies before you—gird yourselves with knowledge for your noble destiny. Success beckons you onward—approval cheers you at every step.*" But to the joyously bright faces upturned to him from the other side, he calls the shadows of perplexity and disappointment, as he goes on saying—"*you girls, you are our future wives and mothers, man's soothing angel, the sharer of his joys and griefs—cultivate grace and humility, these form woman's crown.*"

While man has the corresponding and equally responsible station of husband and father, in probable prospect, he is educated and developed as a human being, and has all the incentives of honored professional and public duty. No object in existence is recognized for woman but marriage, and to fit her for this, she is perseveringly taught how to become charming and bewitching to the gentlemen. Yet all arts are called in requisition to enable her not to *seem* to be husband catching.

Now is not all this training young girls receive, too insulting—too debasing—too unworthy christianity?

We are not going to say that woman has no encouragements, no grandeur for which to seek, no hope to stimulate—for full well we know that the untiring spirit of genius has rich promises to the secret heart, bidding her faith walk the waters of the future with a glorious tread, and beckoning her to the fields of usefulness, influence and power acquired by ability, knowledge and perseverance. Consciousness, hope, and all analogy prove to her quivering mind that she has earnest need of strong attainments. But only the few with indomitable will and strong magnetic power can conquer effectually woman's drawback. We claim, therefore, that these degrading drawbacks are among woman's wrongs, and that they are not her rightful inheritance, because of her femininity. Were a well developed mind incompatible in either sex with domestic happiness, home duties or the dispensation of the "small charities of life," we would have good ground to banish education. But all experience proves, other things being equal, that expanded minds are more happy and discharge far better the responsibilities of any station.

While, then, we deplore deeply the frivolity of our young girls, we condemn their popular education as the fault. Even our newspapers need reforming. Not many days since we saw an article, in a *Woman's paper*, too, urging young ladies to marry, to marry at all hazards—better marry beneath themselves than not at all, and above all, "not to miss passing opportunities."

We may not estimate the loss to young women in physical and moral strength, for the

noble aims of life have much to do with our growth and harmonized development.

And can we sufficiently deplore the low estimate of marriage in such minds? The holy bestowal of affection—the spontaneous mingling of heart and eternal interest have degenerated to a barter in the dross of selfish calculations.

We must look mainly in our view for the desirable change in an untrameled education, a freer and enlarged share of action for our young women, and a higher standard among them of the nobility of womanhood.

MARRIED.—Our readers we are sure will be interested in hearing that our valued correspondent Mr. G. W. Knapp, of Gibson, N. Y., is married. Miss Josephine L. Haskell, of Hornly, N. Y., is the lady who was the attractive from "the lone star" to the state of hold marriage, and to whom we have a promise of introduction at some future paper visit. We are really glad when our noble and liberal minded friends marry, believing that they make the best husbands and wives. The Knapps have our choicest wishes.

AN AGED MAN.—One of our active friends at Liverpool, Medina county O., writes to us that she had that day attended the funeral of her grandfather, who was twenty-two days over one hundred years of age.

For The Lily.

Woman's Rights.

MRS. BIRDALL: At present the subject of "Woman's Rights" is talked over and discussed by every fireside. At every place of meeting it is the theme of discourse. Yet we find *woman's wrongs* laid aside as not *scarcely worth notice*, as "women have all the rights at present they ought to have."

How ridiculous the assertion. Now *WOMAN*, is by nature entitled to equal rights with man. Woman is as well adapted to study and practice the Medical profession as is man. If woman is naturally a good nurse, then she ought to be better by having a knowledge of the physiology of human beings, and the laws by which their systems are governed.

If woman now filled the presidential chair, the wives of peaceable citizens who were butchered by Missouri Ruffians, would not be disconsolate widows. They talk of woman being the *weaker vessel*, which renders the more delicate and tender offices of human duty, her appropriate sphere of action. That by no means justifies the illiberal, but common error, that her mental abilities are only equal to her corporeal energies. History furnishes numberless instances to disprove this influence. When the holy impulse of maternal or conjugal affection, the noble sentiment of true patriotism, the angelic spirit of genuine benevolence, or the awful presence of great danger or death, have awakened in the fullest strength the stronger energies of the female character, where can we look for more cool deliberation, sagacious forethought, or firmness of purpose, than woman on such occasions has exhibited? The annals of Greece and Rome, the book of Christian Martyrs, the revolutionary struggles, all exhibit in the brightest hues, the moral excellence, and unsubdued strength of woman.

History furnishes an instance of undaunted courage, and almost superhuman strength of character in the person of JOAN D. ARC, or the Maid of Orleans. Nor can history present a more disgraceful stain on the human character, than is pictured in the details of her death.

Now I would ask those who raise their voices in opposition to woman's rights, are the *females* now-a-days more faint-hearted than their mothers of the revolution; or do they now-a-days lack the moral courage that supported JOAN D. ARC, amidst the flaming fagots and unmerciful tortures of that horrible tribunal, THE HOLY INQUISITION? Then let *let woman have her rights*; let her enjoy those rights which an All-wise Providence has seen fit to bestow upon man and woman. Let the women put their shoulders to the wheel, and success will crown their efforts; let them remember that

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

Having trespassed thus far on the columns of your journal, I will conclude, and subscribe myself

Devotedly Yours, J. T. M.

New Westville, Ohio.

For The Lily.

St. Louis, April 14.

DEAR MRS. BIRDALL: I have been trying hard to find time to tell you of a trip I have been making in Illinois, on the line of the Alton and Terre Haute Railroad. This road was opened some two or three months since, and has seemed to give new life and spirit to the people along its borders. Towns are springing up which astonish the people by their rapid growth, and convince them of their own advantages and resources in a way that they had never dreamed of in their old time philosophy.

I lectured in Bunker Hill, Woodburn, Gillespie, Litchfield and Hillsborough, all pleasant villages, and had a good hearing, except at the two first places, only three miles apart—old villages which had thought themselves finished and laid away, and of course grew conservative, as all such places do; but even in these places, I should have thought I had fair audiences, if in the other places there had not been crowds.

It is astonishing, even to me, who am even sanguine and hopeful, that the world is so ready to receive this apparently new and entirely radical doctrine of Woman's Rights. Though a doctrine occasionally taught through all the ages, it has never come up before any people before in a tangible form to be agitated by all parties, sects, classes and colors, as now. Every religious body gives us adherents—every political party has its advocates of its great doctrine of equality, and it needs but to go to the masses and speak to their hearts our great truths with feeling and earnestness to arouse in their minds the sleeping sentiment of justice and right.

All, yes almost to an individual, own that woman needs education, needs more physical strength and wisdom, to enable her to get it, and needs employment and better pecuniary reward to stimulate and sustain her through her cares and duties.

I find little difficulty now in getting churches to speak in, and an opening of opinion everywhere that is truly cheering. These new States of the West, I incline to think, will yet lead off in this great work. The harvest field of Illinois is ripe and ready for the sickle, but the laborers are few. Let none enter into the work unprepared, thinking it child's play, nor go out to plead Woman's Rights relying upon others for help.

Each and every one must go prepared to wait upon herself, to be bold enough and strong enough to do her own work, if need may be—willing to be found fault with—to hear rough expressions and coarse jests, which though they may wound the spirit, will leave no mark upon the face, and call out no petulance or angry response from the tongue. Firmness, resolution, patience, kindness and forbearance—a full understanding of the sub-

ject, and a deeply realizing sense of its importance, is what is needed to carry it on in triumph to the end.

I met at Bunker Hill, Mrs. Marie Buckley, who come there to lecture on Temperance, Woman's Elevation, &c. She has long been in the field.—Also, Mrs. Miller, who is pleading Woman's Rights in another form—traveling through the country, learning the ladies to cut dresses after Fowler's improved patent. We three happened to put up at one boarding house, each setting an example, if nothing more, of woman's power and ability to help herself through the world—each professing an earnest wish to relieve humanity of a portion of its burdens. So each in our distinct ways were, I trust, doing good. A German philosopher says: "It is the rising of the wild duck, and not her cry that causes the flock to follow." Even so, and every woman, whether she believes in our doctrines or otherwise, that starts out of the old beaten track and shows the world she can sustain herself in any new employment, does a good work for our cause in spite of herself.

Our Spring seems upon us at last, and the warmth of the past few days has started vegetation wonderfully. Our peach trees, which the wise cronkers would insist were all dead, are instead all alive—not one of the thirty lost, though they stand entirely exposed to the prairie winds, and take all the storms of winter without protection.

As yet we have no sign of blooms, and presume the fruit is dead; but if we have the tree for another year, we will be thankful.

A delegation of one hundred passed through here to-day, from Ohio, for Kansas. They take passage up the Missouri, on the Polar Star, the Captain having pledged himself and crew to protect them against Border Ruffians. If he fails, they will protect themselves.

F. D. GAGE.

For the Lily.

Letter from Massachusetts.

MY DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL.—Capricious April, with its sunshine and showers, has melted away the copious snow which lay piled upon the bosom of mother earth—the grass is springing up fresh and green; early Spring flowers are unfolding; crocuses are in bloom, and the morning air is vocal with the melody of birds.

Three years ago I circulated a petition asking the members of the Constitutional Convention to erase the word 'male' from the statute book, and met with some rich developments of character in my pleasant rambles through the village.

An enterprising business woman refused to sign it, saying I have all my rights; I have one of the best of husbands. You may thank him, and not the law, I replied; if he was disposed, he has the power to persecute you. All women are not pleasantly situated and will you not lend your influence to aid the many miserable families that suffer from the tyranny, intemperance and personal abuse of their legal protectors? Don't you know that if your husband died to-morrow, without a will, this comfortable home which you have mutually labored to acquire, would become your children's, and all you could draw would be the improvement of one-third, significantly called the widow's incumbrance? She resolutely persisted that she had all the rights she wanted—she had plenty of business to attend to, without meddling with politics; but her more liberal companion gave his signature, remarking that the laws were partial, and while women were compelled to obey and help support them, they ought to have a voice in their enactment.

Last year this gentleman failed, and his wife knew so little of the laws that she supposed it would not affect her trade, and learned with sad surprise that the accumulation of her hard earnings must be sold beneath the auctioneer's hammer, to satisfy his creditors.

Another practical woman's rights woman expressed her contempt for the petition in strong language. If you want your rights, she said, do as I do, take them. It is contrary to the customs of the church where I worship for women to speak in conference meetings; but when I have a good thought, I give it utterance, and am heard with respect and attention. Your friends tolerate such

innovations, I replied, rather than gag down free speech, but you can have no voice in the choice of your minister, as no female is allowed to vote. Would you like to vote, she inquired, looking up in blank astonishment. I told her that I regarded the franchise as a natural right growing out of our humanity, and that I claimed it as a human being, whether I saw fit to exercise it or not. There are grievous evils in society which ought to be removed, but depriving woman of civil rights has crippled her action, and rendered her as useless, politically, as a last year's bird-nest. She firmly refused, however, to give any countenance to such unchristian-like work, as she called it, flippantly quoting the words of Paul, "Wives be in subjection to your own husbands."

Possibly both these women have seen reason for changing their opinions—one has gone to a new country to build another home on a fruitful prairie; the other has laid down the body to try the realities of spirit life.

Your readers probably remember the fate of our petitions. They were referred to a committee on the qualifications of voters. This committee gave a respectful hearing to the thrilling appeals and logical arguments of Lucy Stone, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, and T. W. Higginson.—The Report presents a fair synopsis of the position they assumed and maintained, without an attempt to controvert a single point, but decides because only two thousand out of two hundred thousand women petitioned, it was inexpedient to take any action on the subject. The question with them was not whether it was right and just that women should be recognized as human beings, endowed with human rights, and entitled to a voice in the Government in which they live, but whether it was a general desire among women.

If it is right that one class should be represented, it is clearly right that all should be entitled to the same privilege; and they might as well have abolished the Professions because all men do not desire to be Lawyers, Physicians and Ministers. The committee must have seen the social wrongs which usage has imposed upon us, or they would have given some reasons instead of resorting to that shallow subterfuge, expediency. Conservatism made a desperate rally to defeat the new constitution, and at the following November election, it was rejected by the people by a majority of five thousand votes. I hope when another similar convention is to be held, that we shall send delegates who will regard the rights of minorities—treat all citizens with equal consideration, and if but a solitary person prays for more liberty, proving it to be his inherent right, will grant it because of the justice of his claim. A good constitution must be based on principles, not popular ideas.

The woman movement is onward. At our town meeting in March, several respectable matrons received votes to fill different offices. I trust the day is not distant when they will be eligible. These votes are initiatory steps to the good time coming when caste shall be abolished, and all office-holders, tested by capacity and worth, not color or sex. They call attention to the fact that men are a privileged class, and lead to the discussion of fundamental principles.

The liquor business caused considerable debate. The question was to see whether the town would sustain a grog-shop, and the rum party carried it by two majority. If women enjoyed equal political rights, think you they would have supported such a measure? One liquor vender is a man whose motto once was, 'taste not, touch not, handle not,' but the last Legislature gave legal sanction to a limited traffic, and he sees no wrong in dealing out death and destruction by the gill and jug full! The State spreads the lure, and our officers punish by fine and imprisonment the unfortunate persons caught in their trap. Shame on the Temperance laws of Massachusetts! Drunkards have the same facilities as formerly—they know where the "fire water" can be bought by the quantity, at small profits, while fresh temptations are laid in the way of the unsuspecting.

I have been reading the autobiography of Dr. Harriet K. Hunt. It is a refreshing fire-side book, giving bright glimpses of a cheerful home and happy heart, with historic glances at a true individual life. She was a love child, born in harmonious

relations of mature, well developed parents. Her childhood was guarded by the tenderest care; she enjoyed good advantages of mental and moral culture, and that judicious home discipline which unfolds all the faculties, and calls them into healthy exercise. She gives her experience as a teacher and physician, with graphic sketches of friends and travel—some thrilling events from the lives of her patients, her correspondence with the officers of Harvard College, the treatment she received, and her protest to the city authorities against taxation without representation. Her book is the fearless expression of a noble woman, and is calculated to do good. It embodies the leading ideas in the Woman's rights question, and will grace the center table of many a fashionable parlor, and be read in aristocratic circles where our tracts and reports would find no admission.

Truly, your friend,

LINA.

Stoneham, Mass., April 11, 1856.

For the Lily.

LIFE IS EARNEST.

BY G. W. KNAPP.

O life is earnest, life is real,
Why dally it away?
Begin to think, to know, to feel,
That life is not for play.

Wait not to do some mighty deed
Of goodness ere you act;
Abrasions, unperceived, have made
Ningarn's catarnet.

'Tis not one blow that fells the tree,
But the continuous stroke
Which cleaves the solid wood away,
And bringeth down the oak.

The moments lost, improved aright,
Would yield a vast amount,
As grain on grain builds up the height
Of every massive mount.

Be not a drone, a parasite,
Or vampire to thy race—
To toil is good, when viewed aright,
And labor no disgrace.

Good works has wrought thro'out past time,
Creating and ordaining;
Works now in all his spheres sublime,
Improving and sustaining.

Thou hast some task allotted thee,
Up! gird thyself for toil!
He's not a man that slinks away,
Or doth from it recoil.

'Tis thine at least some good to do,
In beautifying earth;
And elevating man to know
His place and priceless worth.

Be thine to dig, to train the mind,
Or aught thy hand doth fit.
If duly done as God designed,
It matters not a whit.

Then bare thy hand to do thy task,
And all life's ends fulfill;
Nor caviil, doubt, nor questions ask,
But do it with a will.

WOMAN'S NATURE.—I should not say, from my experience of my own sex, that a woman's nature is flexible and impressible, though her feelings are. I know very few instances of a very inferior man ruling the mind of a superior woman; whereas I know twenty—fifty—of a very inferior woman ruling a superior man. If he loves her, the chances are, that she will in the end weaken and demoralize him. If a woman marry a vulgar or inferior man, he makes her miserable, but he seldom governs her mind, or vulgarize her nature; and if there be love on his side, the chances are that in the end she will elevate and refine him.

PHYSICAL EFFECT OF SINGING.—The Germans are seldom affected with consumption; nor have I known, says Dr. Rush, but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength their lungs acquired by exercise in vocal music, which constitutes an essential part of their education. The music master of our academy informed me that he had known several persons who were disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by exercise of their lungs in singing.

Woman's Rights.

BY CARRIE.

The only rights by woman claimed,
Are those her maker gave her;
The right to think, to speak, to be—
Just what her God designed her.

The right to tread the flowery paths
Up to the hill of Science;
The right to stand in College halls,
Spurned by no "Brother Giants."

The right to plead against the wrong—
To assail the hosts of error,
And tyrant custom's galling chain,
With a bold, firm grasp to sever.

The right to follow Duty's path,
And worship at Truth's altar;—
And bravely battle for the true,
And never, never falter.

The right to win a noble name,
By high and pure endeavor;
And onward, upward to aspire,
With a brave heart, failing never.

These are the rights, the only rights,
We ask of you, our brothers;
Sure you'll allow our claims are just—
We wish, we ask no others.

Barre, Mass., 1856.

From the Ladies Enterprise.

FAULTS AND FOIBLES--No. 1.
THIN SHOES.

BY E. J. HALE.

"You are not going out to walk in those thin gaiter boots, Kate?" asked Mary Adams of her friend Kate Durgin, as they met for a morning walk.

"And why not, pray? they are thick soled, I'm sure. Indeed, I called them very thick and clumsy when I bought them, and care near taking another pair instead. Thin, forsooth! Why, what would you have me wear, Mary?"

"Something to protect your feet, Kate, not merely a covering for them. You will not have gone half way down the street before these will be perfectly saturated. Do you know how bad it is out?"

"Not worse, I presume, than it was yesterday—than it has been a hundred times when I have been out thus. I shall not wet my feet, Mary; or if I do, it will not hurt me. I am strong and can bear it. I do not wish to become so tender and delicate as half the young ladies are."

"But, my dear girl, you are taking the very means to do this. You cannot always bear it, depend upon it, you cannot. Sooner or later there will come a time when the over taxed frame will yield believe me, there will; and it may come suddenly. With strong constitutions like yours, it is often thus. The lithe and delicate will sway and bend in the strong breeze, where the more rugged and hardy oak or pine would break at once. O, Kate! do be advised, do be warned! My very heart aches to see you go out, thus."

"Why, Mary, you have given me quite a lecture, but I assure you it is not at all needed. What I always have done, I feel that I always can do. It is all in habit, Mary—all in habit. But come! I have only my furs to put on—then I am ready."

"Would that your furs could protect your feet," sighed Mary, as drawing on her nice fitting rubber boot, which was indeed a protection, and throwing her thibet scarf about her neck, she went forth with her friend.

"Ready to walk again, Kate?" asked Mary, bounding into her friend's room as bright and happy as a bird, a few mornings after this conversation. But starting when she saw Kate's pale and haggard countenance, she exclaimed, feelingly,

"Why, my friend, what is the matter? you are not sick, are you?"

"Only a slight cold, Mary, that is all. It will soon be gone, for my colds never last long. But

I cannot walk to-day, I fear; so you will have to go without me," she added, with a faint smile.

"No, I will remain with you awhile. I have my work in my pocket, so I can stay as well as not. But pray how did you take your cold, Kate?"

Slightly blushing, and moving uneasily in her chair, she replied—

"Somehow in our walk the other morning. I believe you were half right, after all. But there! it will soon be over—it is nothing serious. Indeed it is not," continued she, observing Mary's troubled face.

"Well, Kate, if it only teaches you a lesson for the future, and it be not already too late, all yet may be well. But I often fear for these 'slight colds.' They do not always prove such in the end."

"But you shall see that mine will," replied Kate, quickly.

"I hope so—I hope so, my friend, but promise me that you will never, never expose yourself thus again."

"I do promise, Mary," answered Kate, a hard cough racking her whole frame.

"Oh! if we all could only feel the importance of this matter," continued Mary, earnestly, "how many precious lives might be saved! This going with feet unprotected, with ankles exposed, gives physicians half their fees, the graveyards half their tenants. I may speak strongly, for I feel deeply. We cannot go out in the snow at all, whether it be wet or dry, without being exposed more or less. For if it be not wet, so as to saturate our boots, it will adhere to our clothes, thus wetting our ankles, which is nearly as bad. Indeed, of the two, I would quite as soon wet the former—the consequences would not be more serious."

This practice of robing the neck and wrists in furs, it seems to me, is rather injurious than otherwise. It keeps them too warm, unless in the most extreme cold. And the wearing of them has become such a fashion, such a mania, that cold or warm, they must go on all the same. Why, I have actually sat in church this very season, with my thibet scarf thrown back, my cloak unfastened at the neck, and using a fan at that, when half the ladies in the house were robed in furs, which but few even threw back. I could not bear it at all—I should quite suffocate. And, moreover, bundled up so in the house—I should be sure of a cold taken when I went out. And yet I'll be safe in saying that not one half of them had their feet and ankles protected as they ought. "But forgive me, Kate; I did not mean to give you another lecture."

"I needed it, Mary, dear; so no apology, my friend," and the conversation took a different turn.

A few weeks later, and Mary stood by the bedside of her friend. Day and night she had been with her for a week; for the mother had other cares, a large family to attend to, and had readily accepted Mary's proffered assistance.

The 'slight cold' had not disappeared as had been hoped. It had remained, first bringing a cough, then pain in the side, and at last severe pneumonia. This had now abated its severity somewhat, but there followed no recovery. On the contrary it was evident that the strong arm was vanquished at last.

The poor girl turned uneasily upon her pillow. Instantly Mary was bending over her.

"What is it, Kate? what would you say?" she asked, seeing the lips trembled and the words would hardly come.

"O, my friend! if only I had heeded you, I should not now be here," she answered, forcing back the tears that were well nigh choking her. "God knows I did not mean thus to trifle with what he had given. But I was thoughtless, wrongly counting on my strength; it has failed at last. Mary, I shall never get up again; and once more let me thank you for all you have done and are still doing for one so unworthy."

Mary strove to cheer her, though her own heart was hopeless. Kate saw the effort she was making, and smilingly she said,

"No, Mary, it cannot be. I know I shall not live long, perhaps not till the morrow. And oh, my poor mother! how she will miss me, and the little ones too! I could have been her help and

their companion. Now I must go—and through my own carelessness and folly! O, Mary, tell my mother, tell them to be wiser than I have been—Be to them a friend, a counsellor, even as you have been to me. And God grant they may heed you better than I have done."

She seemed exhausted; and administering a reviving draught, Mary left the room in search of her mother.

The death change came rapidly; and soon they were all summoned to receive her last farewell. Long ere the morrow's sun had risen, Kate Durgin was no more.

The strong frame which but a few months before was full of life and health, now lay in the cold embrace of death. The parents mourned for their first-born—the little ones for a kind and loving elder sister.

One more grave was filled in the village churchyard. One more stone marked the place of the dear departed; and alas! one more name was added to the list of those who have died from their own carelessness.

May both God and man deal gently with the erring!

LOSS OF YOUTHFUL FEELING.

BY SHARASIA BETHEL.

"There is with an individual such a thing as a general end and aim of his life; and if he is foiled in that, his life is not what it was before—his vitality is broken." In a lecture of the able Dr. Solger before the Mercantile Library Association, the foregoing words occurred, and I was forcibly struck with their truth and importance.

We see children and well-bred youths, full of health, hope and cheerfulness. They speak with smiles of animation; their voices are clear and of natural intonation, and cadence fitted to express the various thoughts and emotions excited by the various events and experiences. Their minds and hearts turn flexibly to contemplate whatever may be offered to their attention.

How different are most people of mature years! In passing through our streets, how few are the faces that one can find on which there is not a settled, habitual expression of anxiety or dissatisfaction, or sourness, or cowardice or indifference; and this omits those whose lives are considered an overt disgrace. How few men and women retain the healthful and agreeable characteristics of their childhood?

Now, why is it so? To say that they are no longer children, but have entered on the career of manhood or womanhood, is no explanation; tho' many seem to think that assertion bears on its face the solution of the mystery. Perhaps the remark quoted from Dr. Solger points to the true cause—they have been foiled in that which they had made the great end and aim of life.

It does not seem as though the transition from youth to maturity, ought necessarily to be accompanied by so unpleasant a change, and we know that in some cases it is not. We know that at some thirty, forty, fifty years of age still pursue the nobler duties of better developed natures with the same naturalness, pleasantness and vivacity which is remarked in the ordinarily well-bred child.

But if the history of these whiners, (I speak truthfully, but not scornfully,) or scolders, or yawners, or cowards, or foreboders, be investigated, I think that in almost, if not quite every case, it will be found that great disappointments of some kind have broken their spirits, and destroyed that delightful anticipation of good which leads to a cheerful and pleasureable exercise of their own faculties.

So they look on joylessly, while days and years rot away from the length of their earthly lives, and finally turn disconsolately to some priest, to be informed of a method of preventing the pain which they fear, and perhaps very rightly, may be stored in the future.

It is pitiful, to think there should be one such human being; but it is astounding and oppressive to remember that nearly all of us have, to a greater or less degree, become the votaries of idols that at any moment may be overthrown and demolished.

How much wiser is he whose aims are objects of everlasting beauty and nobility! He seeks to confer the greatest possible benefits on the world, and to give himself the highest possible development. He grows happier with every added year. His mind expands, his heart grows greater and warmer and purer, and all his faculties improve, he loves and is beloved—he is useful to others and the world serves him, he has no insane horror of what we call death, for he feels that true life is essentially the same in its final objects in whatever sphere it may be lived; and to him death is simply a great and probably greatly agreeable change.

So in everlasting youth and hope, he pursues the Infinite Good.—*Ladies' Enterprise.*

Hints to Promote Harmony in a Family.

1. We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed in the day—so prepare for it.
2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.
3. To learn the different temper of each individual.
4. To look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.
5. When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.
6. When inclined to give an angry answer, lift up the heart in prayer.
7. If from any cause we feel irritable, to keep a strict watch upon ourselves.
8. To observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to their state.
9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.
10. To take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.
11. To speak kindly to servants, and praise them for little things when you can.
12. In all little pleasure which may occur, to put self last.
13. To try for the "soft answer that turneth away wrath."
14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves—"Have I not done the same thing and been forgiven?"
15. In conversation not to exalt ourselves, but to bring others forward.
16. To be gentle with the younger ones, and treat them with respect, remembering that we were once young too.
17. Never judge one another, but attribute a good motive when we can.
18. To compare our manifold blessings with the trifling annoyances of the day.

SMALL INCIDENTS.—There was never a truer saying than this: "The system of human life is chiefly composed of small incidents; and these are the source of more joy or sorrow than those which have the appearance of greater importance." If we could but look into the recesses of the hearts of men; if we could but see those trifling, and seemingly unimportant vexations, which are so numerous in domestic life, and in the pursuit of business, we should discover the primary cause of all the trouble which afflicts poor humanity. It is not, as a general thing, great and overwhelming misfortunes, which causes the weary heart to groan in pain, or set the brain in a whirl of passion—which hang palls over the ordinary life-paths, or find vent in wails that say—

"Bitter is life, and a load to bear!"

Nor is it remarkable that sudden success in the paths of wealth or fame, do not fill the soul with that gentle joy, that tranquil happiness, most conducive to health, and most refreshing to the soul.

If the onward course of life is smooth and peaceful; if home is made happy by gentle ones, who never awaken the harsh or reproofing word; if the office, the counting room, or the place of business, whatever it may be, is orderly and devoid of little vexations—then

the soul of the man will be filled with peace, and his days will be happy.

The golden crown that graces the brow of a king, though it be precious as a instrument of power, and gleaming with diamonds and rubies, can never, in its glory, give a happiness like that which he knows who is blessed as I have intimated, in little things. The carriage, with its door emblazoned with a noble coat-of-arms, and its fiery coursers, pacing the streets, and keeping time with their shodden hoofs to the triumphant burst of rich-toned instruments trumpeting Victory!—can never give to the conqueror a tenth part of the blissful pleasure which a rich man feels, as the hand of love caresses his pale brow, and the voice of affection whisper gentle, hopeful words into his enraptured ear.—*Fitz Morner.*

For The Lily.

From Earth to Heaven.

WRITTEN FOR L. A. JONES, BY R. J. HESTWOOD.

Time's a shadow, life's a bubble,
Filled with sorrow, care, and trouble;
Fortune's favors, wealth and glory,
All are but a trifling story.

Pride and passion, both are madness,
Changing love to scenes of sadness;
Wild ambition, hate and scolding,
Often blast life's brightest morning.

Earth's best joys are all but seeming,
Like the friends we see when dreaming;
Morning light—our joys will banish,
And those seeming friends will vanish.

Heaven alone hath lasting pleasure,
Where no moth corrupts our treasure.
Where there are no tears, nor sighing,
Sorrow, suffering, pain or dying.

Blessed Savior thou hast given,
All the cheering hopes of Heaven;
May our hearts, then upwards raising,
Still thy glorious name be praising.

TOO FAST.

The great mechanical impulses of the age, of which most of us are so proud, are a mere passing fever, half speculative, half childish. People will discover at last that royal roads to anything can no more be laid in iron than they can in dust: that there are in fact, no royal roads to anywhere worth going to; that if there were, it would that instant cease to be worth going to—I mean, so far as the things to be obtained are in any way estimable in terms of *price*. For there are two classes of precious things in the world: those that God gives us for nothing—sun, air and life (both mortal and immortal); and the secondarily precious things which he gives us for a price; these secondarily precious things, worldly wine and milk, can only be bought for definite money; they never can be cheapened. No cheating or bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's "establishment" at half-price. Do we want to be strong?—we must work. To be hungry?—we must starve. To be happy?—we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think. No changing of place at a hundred miles an hour, nor making of stuffs a thousand yards a minute, will make us one whit stronger or happier, or wiser.—There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly, they will see it no better by going fast. And they will at last, and soon too, find out that their grand inventions for conquering, as they think, space and time do, in reality, conquer nothing, for space and time are in their own essence unconquerable, and besides did not want any conquering, they wanted using.

A fool always wants to shorten space and

time, a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and kill time, a wise man first to gain them and then to animate them. Your railroad, when you come to understand it, is only a device for making the world smaller, and as for being able to talk from place to place, that is indeed well and convenient; but suppose you have originated nothing to say. We shall be obliged at last to confess what we should long ago have known, that the really precious things are thought and sight, not space. It does a bullet no good to go fast, and a man, if he be truly a man, no harm to go slow, for his glory is not at all in going, but in being.

"Well, but railroads and telegraphs are so useful for communicating knowledge to savage nations." Yes, if you have any to give them. If you know nothing but railroads, and can communicate nothing but aqueous vapor and gunpowder—what then? But if you have any other thing than those to give, then the railroad is of use only because that other thing, and the question is, what the other thing may be. Is it religion? I believe that if we had really wanted to communicate that, we could have done it in less than 1,800 years without steam. Most of the good religious communication that I remember, has been done on foot, and it cannot be easily done faster than at foot pace. Is it science? But what science—of motion, meat and medicine? Well; when you have moved your savage, and dressed your savage, fed him with white bread, and shown him how to set a limb—what next? Follow out that question. Suppose every object overcome; give your savage every advantage of civilization to the full; suppose that you have put the Red Indian in tight shoes—taught the Chinese how to make Wedgwood's ware, and to paint it with colors that will rub off, and persuaded all Hindoo women that it is more pious to torment their husbands into graves than to burn themselves at their burial—what next? Gradually thinking on from point to point, we shall come to perceive that all true happiness and nobleness are near us, and yet neglected by us, and that till we have learned how to be happy and noble, we have not much to tell even to Red Indians.

The delights of horse-racing and hunting, of assemblies in the night instead of the day, of costly wearisome music, of costly and burdensome dress, of chagrined contention for place or power, or wealth, or the eyes of the multitude, and all the endless occupation without purpose, and idleness without rest, of our vulgar world, are not, it seems to me, enjoyments we need be ambitious to communicate. And all real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made of earth as they are now, and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow and the blossom set, to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things to make man happy; they have always had the power of doing this; they never *will* have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things, but upon iron or glass, or electricity, or steam, in nowise.—*Ruskin.*

ROMPING.—Never punish a girl for being a romp, but thank heaven who has given her health to be one. It is better than a distorted spine or hectic cheek. Little girls ought to be great romps—better than paying doctor's bills for them. Where is the gymnasium which should be attached to every school! That's coming too, like other improvements.